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Title: The Watcher:A History

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“Time tramples  
greatness to rubble and  
dust, but glory is never  
forgotten.  
Elder winds sing of the  
past to those calm  
enough to listen.” - Meer  
proverb

We are ancient. We are  
eternal. I write now of  
what was and what will  
be.

Our ancestors speak of  
the birth of the Meer  
people, cradled in the  
Great Forest at the  
heart of Ilshenar. Meer  
history is long, but we  
were not the first. We  
know others came before  
us. Some are long dead  
and forgotten, destroyed  
by unspeakable acts.  
Others, like the great  
elementals, left our world  
to wander the Void. While  
a few older races  
remained, such as the  
great dragons of blood  
and silver, they ignored  
the Meer in favor of  
their own struggles. We  
were alone to grow as a  
people.

Then the Juka came to  
our forest. Nomadic and  
militant, they wished to  
conquer and destroy what  
they did not understand,  
but they were not  
without nobility. They  
were honorable fighters,  
following the Way. The  
ancestors recognized in

the Juka something our people had lost. They shunned magic in favor of physical prowess. The Juka were young and passionate, so contrary to our ancient and quiet ways. They were our spiritual opposite. Our ancestors forged a balance with the Juka: cycles of conflict and cycles of rest. The ancient balance between Juka and Meer had never faltered.

That balance was destroyed by the coming of a mysterious being called Exodus. He was an impurity in our world. None had ever seen his face, but the Juka had heard his voice, teaching them sorcery and guiding them away from the Way. Without their honor, the Juka attacked the Meer's very soul, the Great Forest. Our home and heart burned. Ours are now the lands of despair. The ash of the Great Forest had made the rains caustic and bitter, Meer tears.

So I gathered our people for war, a final war. They did not know what I had planned, but I went forth to destroy us all. The old balance had ceased to exist. All that remained was revenge and the tranquility of oblivion.

For a brief memory, I got my wish. I saw my most terrible spell cast, an inferno that engulfed the Juka fortress and all that remained of both peoples. The memory of such hatred still makes me weep centuries later. By some magic, we were

saved. The universe  
blinked, and the Juka and  
their fortress  
disappeared.

Later, my spells whispered  
to me what had happened.  
Exodus had saved the  
Juka from my wrath,  
moving them through time  
itself. With both the  
Great Forest and the  
Ancient Enemy gone, we  
were a people without  
purpose. A decision was  
made. The Meer would  
enter a timeless sleep  
and wait the return of  
the Juka. We would wake  
and rebuild the Balance,  
saving our enemy from  
their own darkness.

To atone for my madness,  
I volunteered to wait and  
watch while my people  
slept. I have seen the  
millennia pass. I have  
watched civilizations born  
and die, gargoyle and  
human. I witnesses the  
first stone placed at Ver  
Lor Reg. I saw the great  
Anskitas city of Monitor  
fall. I have been alone.

Strange metallic creatures  
have started gathering. A  
force has started  
manipulating and enslaving  
human and gargoyles.  
Exodus. It will soon be  
time to wake my people.